



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

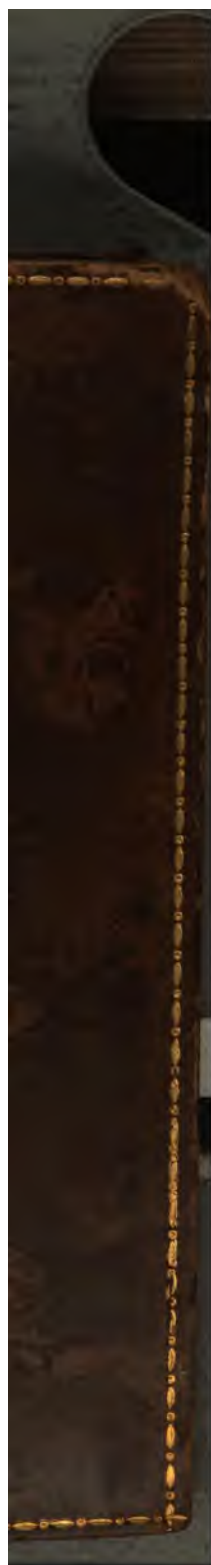
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

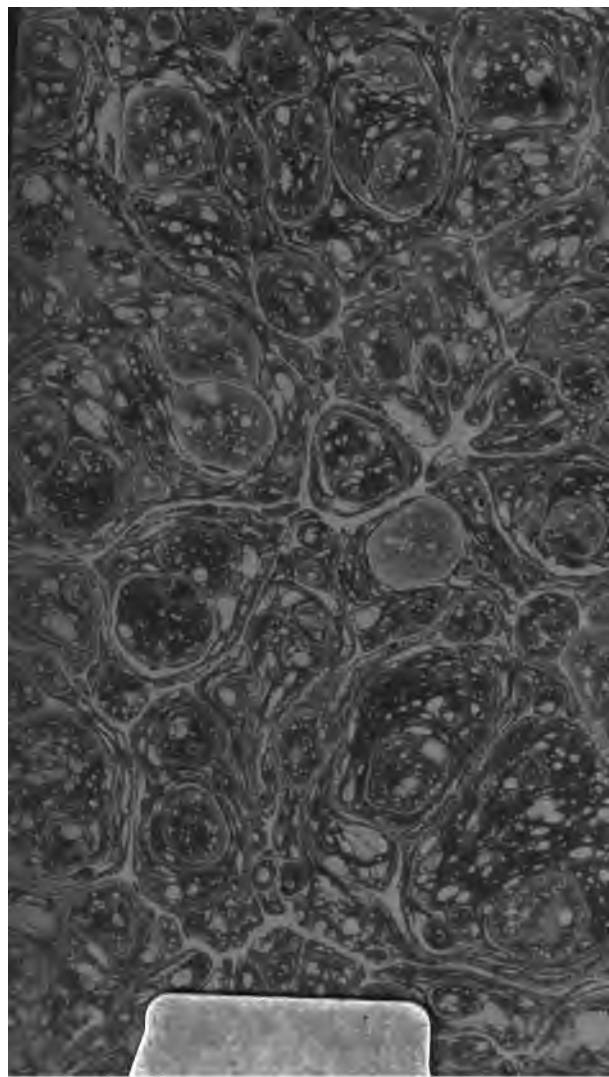
We also ask that you:

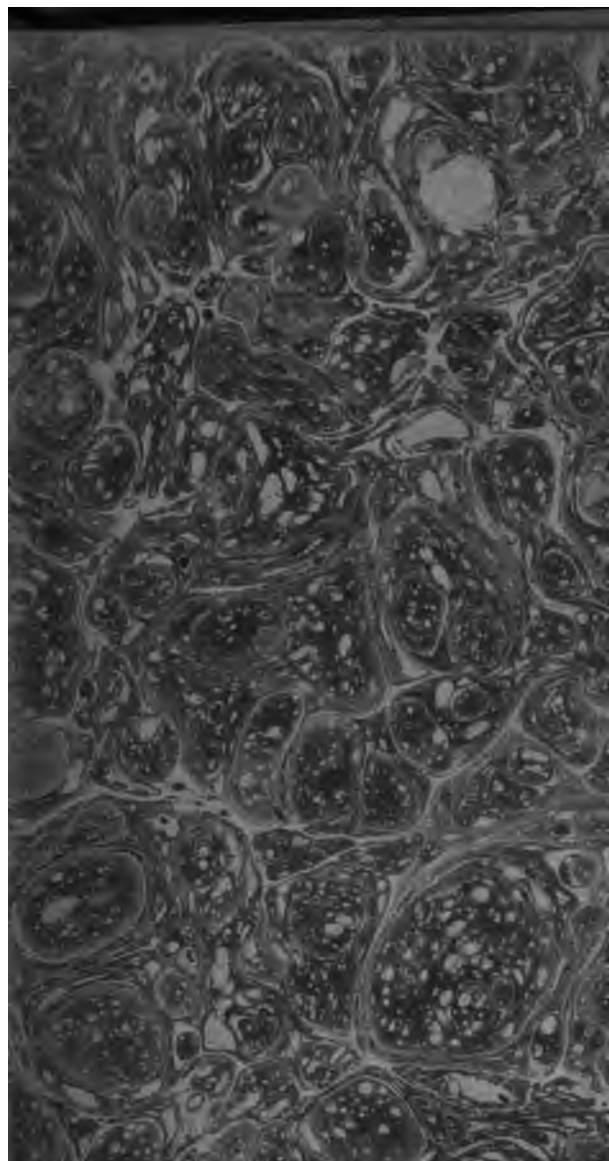
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







At. for M. & L. L. L. L.  
New

280 f. 2107

2000

2001

2002

2003

2004

2005

2006

2007

2008

2009

2010







\_\_\_\_\_

# Poems

## ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

---

By Tekeli.

---

IN THREE PARTS.

---

Ego, apis Matinæ

More modoque,  
Grata carpentis thyma, per laborem  
Plurimum, circa nemus uvidique  
Tiburis ripas, operosa parvus

Carmina fingo ;

Concines majore, poeta, plectro  
Cæsarem, quandoque trahet feroces  
Per sacrum clivum, meritâ decorus

Fronde Sicambros.

HORAT. CARMIN. Lib. iv. Od. ii.

---

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND.

---

1809.



*THE Author of the following Poems feels every gratification from the very flattering List which precedes his minor work ; and owns it incumbent upon him to return his sincere thanks to those persons, individually and collectively, who have thus given such encouragement to the publication of that which he fears will but poorly repay the Debt of Gratitude which it owes. He cannot but be sensible that a more unfledged Writer never presented himself*

*before the Public,—yet, had his ability kept pace with his inclination to decorate his writings with a richer plumage,—then indeed, the most zealous, the most aspiring candidate for literary fame, should not have soared above him.*

*If accident, or any other circumstance, should place this little Volume in the hands of those who may not have heard of it previous to that moment, and can have patience to read its contents, the Author assures the candid reader, that it is sent into the world, (ere he has attained his seventeenth*

*year) at the strenuous solicitation of many private and valuable friends, whom he is solicitous to please ;—that he has neither asked nor received the smallest assistance ;—and, that having written, almost altogether, with a view to occupy hours which, (without meaning to assume too much) he trusts might have been less usefully employed,—it will not be thought unreasonable if he shall express a hope to escape too rigid censure, of a production from which he cannot look for commendation, nor flatter himself with the expectation of future encouragement to further publication.*

*In the Translations from Petrarch's Sonnets, the restriction to fourteen lines has not been observed so closely as perhaps it should have been ; and if therein they forfeit the name of the originals, the English reader is desired to consider them only as an attempt to impart, in some degree, the sense of the Author from whom they are taken, in which effort the Translator hopes he has not altogether failed.*

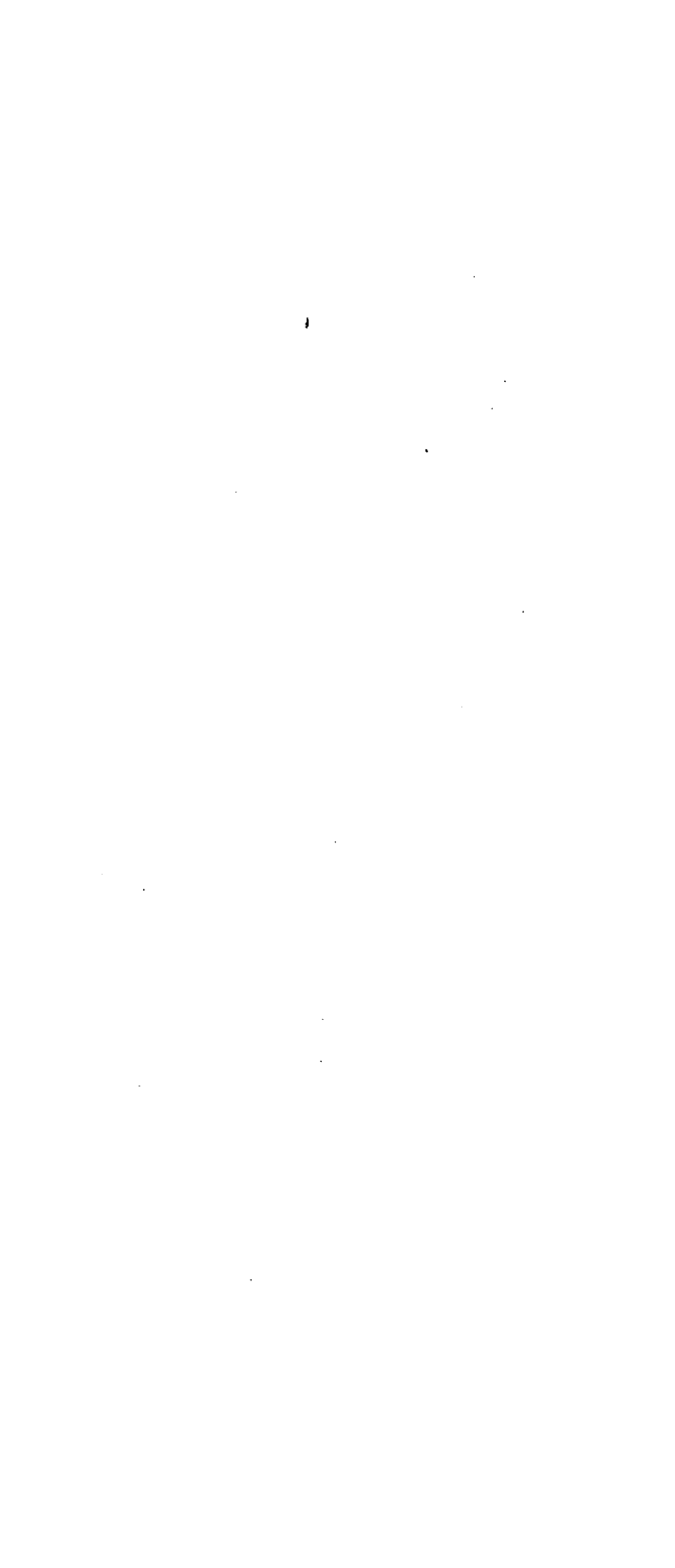
*It will be happy for the Author if the Critic of the present day shall not find*

*too much reason to say, in the words of a  
Satirist who flourished in the days of  
Nero,—*

———— I, demens, et sævas curre per Alpes,  
Et pueris placeas, et declamatio fias.

*London, June, 1809.*





## **Subscribers.**

---

**His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales.**

**A**

**Right Hon. Lord Ashtoun.**

**Right Hon. Lady Ashtoun.**

**Sir James Affleck.**

**Captain Aldrich.**

**David Anderson, Esq.**

**Mrs. Anderson.**

**John Andrews, Esq.**

**Charles Armstrong, Esq.**

**William Armstrong, Esq.**

**Mrs. Arnold.**

**Mrs. Aston.**

**Mrs. Auriol.**

**Miss Aylmer.**

**B**

**Right Hon. the Earl of Buchan**

**Hon. Mrs. Boscowen.**

**Sir David Hunter Blair, Bart.**

**Lady Blunt.**

**Miss Blunt.**

**Sir William Blizzard.**

**Miss Baker.**

**Mrs. Balfour.**

**Mrs. Ball.**

**Rev. John Barham,**

**Josiah Barnard, Esq.**

**Benjamin Barnard, Esq.**

**Mrs. Barnes.**

**Miss Louisa Barnes.**

**Mrs. Barnett.**

**J. Booth Barton, Esq.**

**Miss Batten.**

**John Bebb, Esq.**

**Mrs. Bebb.**

**Mrs. Benyon.**

**Mrs. Bettesworth.**

**Mrs. Bevan.**

**Mrs. Henry Bevan.**

**Thomas Birch, Esq.**

**Mrs. Blacker.**

**Miss Blacker.**

**William Blackshaw, Esq.**

**Mrs. Blackshaw.**

**Lambert Blair, Esq.**

**Col. Blair.**

Captain Blair.

Mrs. Blair.

Thomas Blair, Esq. Jun.

Thomas Blake, Esq.

John Peter Boileau, Esq.

Mrs. Boileau.

3 Copies.

*A Friend of Mrs. Boileau.*

W. Franklin Bonnell, Esq.

Mrs. Booth.

Col. Bowzer.

Major Bradford.

Mrs. Broadhead.

Miss Broomhead.

— Burrow, Esq.

Mrs. Burrow.

Miss Burrow.

Miss E. Busby.

Miss Byass.



Right Hon. Countess of Clanwilliam.

Right Hon. Lady Theodosia Cradock.

Right Hon. Lady Frances Compton.

Right Hon. Lord Colvill.

4 Copies.

Brigadier-General Hon. Charles Colvill.

Hon. Captain Colvill, R. N.	2 Copies.
Hon. Mrs. Colvill,	
Hon. Basil Cockrane.	
Lady Chambers.	
Lady Campbell.	
Sir Henry Cosby.	
Lady Cosby.	
William Camac, Esq.	
Major Cape.	
Mrs. Carnac.	
Miss Carter.	
John Casamaijor, Esq.	3 Copies.
William Cater, Esq.	
Mrs. Chamier.	
Richard Chapman, Esq.	
Mrs. Chute.	
Robert Clerke, Esq.	
Thomas Cockburn, Esq.	
Mrs. Cockburn.	
John Robert Cocker, Esq.	
George Cocker, Esq.	
Miss P. Cocker.	
Miss Harriet Cocker.	
Mrs. Conolly.	

Arthur L. Cooke, Esq.

Miss Curry.

Miss Jane Curry.

Mrs. Cuthbert.

D

Right Hon. Lord Le Despencer.

Right Hon. Lady Le Despencer.

Right Hon. Lady Dunnally.

Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Denys.

Sir James Stewart Denham.

Lady Douglas.

Lady Dalling.

Lieut.-Col. Sir Wm. Wyndham Dalling, Bart.

Captain Dalling.

Mr. Dalling, R. N.

Lieut.-Col. Dacres.

Mrs. Dalrymple.

Massey Dawson, Esq.

Mrs. Massey Dawson.

Burrage Davenport, Esq. 3 Copies.

Mrs. Davenport. 3 Copies.

Mrs. Davies. 2 Copies.

Col. Davis.

Mrs. Davis.

Miss Davison.

Samuel Davis, Esq.

Mrs. Davis.

Thomas De Fries, Esq.

Mrs. Dennis.

William Devaynes, Esq.

Mrs. Devaynes.

Mrs. De Windt.

Peter H. A. De Windt, Esq.      2 Copies.

Mrs. Douglas.

Miss Douglas.

Miss Maria Douglas.

Mrs. Gen. Doyly.

Lieut.-Col. Draper.

Lieut.-Col. Duckett.

Captain Richard Dalling Dunn, R. N.



Right Hon. Countess of Errol.

Right Hon. Lord Erskine.

Mrs. Earle.

Mrs. East.

Samuel Edwards, Esq.

Mrs. Elliott, Portland Place.

Mrs. Elliott.

James Elmslie, Esq.

Adam Elmslie, Esq.

3 Copies.

William Elmslie, Esq.

Mrs. Erskine.

John Evelyn, Esq.

Mrs. Evelyn.

George Evelyn, Esq.

Mrs. Eyres.

¶

Hon. Col. Fermor.

Hon. William Fraser.

Hon. Miss Fraser.

Hon. Miss Ellen Fraser.

Hon. Mrs. Forsyth.

3 Copies.

Hon. Mrs. Frankland.

Lady Ford.

Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart.

Thomas Harvies Farquhar, Esq.

Miss Farquhar.

Mrs. Farmer.

James Fisher, Esq.

Edward Fitzgerald, Esq.

Miss Fleming.

James Thomas Flinn, Esq.



Mrs. Floyer.	
Captain Forsyth.	
Governor Franklin.	
Henry Franklin, Esq.	
Mrs. Franklin.	
Major Gen. Fraser.	
Simon Fraser, Esq.	
Ⓢ	
Right Hon. Countess of Glencairn.	
Lady Glyn.	
Col. Galliez.	3 C
Mrs. Galliez.	3 C
Robert Garner, Esq.	
William Paine Georges, Esq.	
Miss Glyn.	
Rev. — Gordon.	
William Gordon, Esq. M. P.	
Mrs. Thomas Graham.	6 C
Mrs. Grant.	
Peter Grehan, Esq.	
J. Greer, Esq.	
h	
Hon. Mrs. Hamilton.	
Mrs. Hall, <i>Portland Place</i> .	3 C
Edmund Hyde Hall, Esq.	

Miss Florence Hall.	
Mrs. Halhiday.	
Mrs. A. Hamilton.	
Mrs. Haring.	2 Copies.
Mrs Harriot.	
Rev. Walter Harper.	
Warren Hastings, Esq.	
Mrs. Hastings.	
Col. Hepburn.	
Lionel Hesse, Esq.	
Mrs. William Hickey.	
Miss Hickey.	
<i>Five friends of Miss Hickey.</i>	5 Copies.
Mathew Higgins, Esq.	
Mrs. Higgins.	
Miss S. Hickey.	
Mrs. Higginson.	
Haddock Hill, Esq.	
John Hillman, Esq.	
Miss Hodgson.	
Mrs. Holt.	
Miss Holmes.	
James Hopkins, Esq.	6 Copies.

Captain Philip Hughes, R. H. A.

George Hubbard, Esq.

Mrs. Hungerford.

Mrs. Hunter. 2 (

Mrs. Hutchinson.

Col. Hutton.

Mrs. Jaffray. 2 (

John Jenkins, Esq.

Major Jourdan.

Mrs. Keating.

Robert Lang, Esq.

Mrs. Law.

Miss Law.

Mrs. James Law.

James Law, Jun. Esq.

Gen. Leigh.

John G. Lemaistre, Esq. 2

Mrs. Lemaistre.

J. W. Leslie, Esq.

Matthew Lewis, Esq. M. P.

Francis Lind, Esq.

Mrs. Lind.

Mrs. Little,

**Miss Loftus.**

**Francis Longe, Esq.**

**Mrs. Longe.**

**Thomas Lounds, Esq.**

**William Lushington, Jun. Esq.**

**Mrs. William Lushington.**



**Right Hon. The Earl of Moira.**

**Right Hon. Lady Maria Meade.**

**Hon. Major-General Meade.**

**Hon. Colonel Meade.**

**Hon. Mrs. Meade.**

**Hon. Mrs. Monckton.**

**Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, Bart.**

**Lady Metcalfe.**

**Lady Monro.**

**Mrs. Mc Donald.**

**Walter Mc Guire, Esq.**

**Colonel Mc Mahon.**

**Mrs. Mc Mahon.**

**Kenreth Mackenzie, Esq**

**Mrs. Mackenzie.**

Henry Mackenzie, Esq.	
Miss Macleod.	
Colonel Mc Neile.	
Mrs. Malcolm.	
Arthur Malony, Esq.	66
John Manley, Esq.	36
Mrs. William Manley.	26
Major-General Manningham.	86
Mrs. Manningham.	
Miss Manningham.	
Campbell Marjoribanks, Esq.	
Edward Marjoribanks, Esq.	
William Marshall, Esq.	
L. Masquerier, Esq.	
Mrs. Mathison.	
William Mitchell, Esq.	
Edward Moore, Esq.	
Lieut.-Gen. Morrison.	
Mrs. Morrison.	
Miss Morrison.	
Mrs. Motte.	
George Moubray, Esq.	



Right Hon. the Countess of Normanton.

Thomas Naghten, Esq.

Thomas Neate, Esq.

Philip Neave, Esq.

Mrs. Nesbitt.

Rev. Norton Nichols.

Rev. ——— Nicholls.



David O'Bryen, Esq.

3 Copies.

Colonel O'Kelly.

William Oram, Esq.

J. Ouiseau, Esq.

Mrs. Ouiseau.



Right Hon. the Earl of Pomfret.

Lady Pollen.

Miss Charlotte Parry.

William Palmer, Esq.

Mrs. Peachè.

Mrs. John Peach.

3 Copies.

Miss Peach.

George Peacocke, Esq.

Miss Eliza Penruddocke,

**Mrs. Pepper.**

**3 Co**

**John Pepper, Jun. Esq.**

**Miss Pearch.**

**Miss M. Pearch.**

**Mrs. H. Peters.**

**Mrs. William Petrie.**

**E. E. Phillips, A. M.**

**Mrs. Pierce.**

**Mrs. Plowden.**

**Rev. George Pollen.**

**Mrs. Pollen.**

**David Pryor, Esq.**

**R**

**Col. Reynolds.**

**Thomas Reynolds, Esq.**

**Mrs. Reynolds.**

**Mrs. Poyntz Rickets.**

**Miss Poyntz Rickets.**

**William Robertson, Esq.**

**Col. Roberts.**

**Mrs. Roberts.**

**John Rolls, Esq.**

**Mrs. Rolls.**

---

**Captain Ross, R. N.**

**Captain Archibald Ross.**

**Captain Frederick Ross.**

**Mrs. Ross.**

**Miss Ross.**

**Doctor Rudiman.**

**Mrs. Ruding.**

**Claud Russell, Esq.**

**Mrs. Russell.**

**Miss Russell.**

**Mrs. Daniel Russell.**

**Miss Eliza Russell.**

**— Russell, Esq.**



**Right Hon. Lady Saltoun,**

**Right Hon. Lord Saltoun.**

**Right Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, M. P.**

**Hon. Mrs. Stopford.**

**Hon. Lieut.-Col. William Stewart.**

**Lady Stewart.**

**Mrs. Sampson.**

*2 Copies*

**James Saunders, Esq.**

**Nathaniel Saunders, Esq.**



John Shaw, Esq.

George Simpson, Esq. 3 Copies

Charles Skurray, Esq.

William Skurray, Esq. 2 Copies.

William Smith, Esq. M. P.

Mrs. William Smith.

Miss Smith, *Spanish Place.*

Miss Smith, *Great George Street.*

Miss Southey.

John Stewart, Esq. 2 Copies.

Miss Stopford.

Miss Stratton.

William Sterling, Esq.

Walter Sterling, Esq.

Mrs. Sullivan.



Right Hon. Countess Temple.

Right Hon. Lord Trimlestown.

Right Hon. Lady Trimlestown.

Mrs. Colonel Taylor.

Mrs. John Taylor.

R. H. Temple, Esq.

Mrs. Temple.

Major-General Tilson.

Mrs. Richard Torin.  
Mrs. Peter Touchett.  
John Turing, Esq.  
Mrs. Turing.  
Miss Turing.  
Major Thornton.



Col. Van Courtlandt.



Right Hon. Lady Waltham.      2 Copies.  
Dowager Lady Wake.  
Miss Wake.  
Rev. Richard Wake.  
Col. Garbutt Walsham.  
Mrs. Garbutt Walsham.  
George Ridout Ward, Esq.      3 Copies.  
George Watson, Esq.  
William Weaver, Esq.  
Miss A. Webb.  
Miss C. Webb.  
Mrs. Welland.  
Thomas Welch, Esq.

Colonel Whatley.	
Major Wheatly.	2 Copies.
Mrs. Wheatly.	2 Copies.
J. Wheeler, Esq.	
Mrs. Wheeler.	
<i>Two Friends of Mrs. Wheeler.</i>	2 Copies.
Miss Wheeler.	
Miss P. Wheeler.	
John Willes, Esq.	
Mrs. Lestock Wilson.	
Miss Alicia Wilson.	
Thomas Wyndham, Esq. M. P.	
Mrs. Wyndham.	

## ***SUBSCRIBERS OMITTED.***

---

**Hon. Mr. Fraser.**

**Hon. Mr. Justice Bayley.**

**Lady Bayley.**

**William Huskisson, Esq. M. P.**

**Rev. Dr. Hooke.**

**3 Copies.**

**Mrs. Hooke.**

**3 Copies.**

**Miss Markett.**



# THE RAPE OF THE KISS.

---

IN THREE CANTOS.

---

Κερη τις μ' ἐφίλησι ποθεσπερα χεῖλεσιν ὑγροῖς.  
Νεκταρ ἦν το φίλημα· το γαρ σομα νεκταρος ἔστιν.  
Νυν μεθυω το φίλημα, πολὺν τόν εἶναι πεπνυγώς.  
Epigram. Græc.

---

A humid kiss, my lovely girl bestow'd—  
It was like Nectar from the Gods above ;  
Sure nought but Nectar from those red lips flow'd,  
—That wicked kiss has made me drunk with love.

---



# THE RAPE OF THE KISS.

---

## CANTO THE FIRST.

---

Tis not the wrongs of Greece—unhappy state—  
Or *once-proud* Troy, now trembling at her fate—  
Tis not the din of war, the clash of arms,  
Or mighty chiefs, immers'd in war's alarms—  
Tis not Achilles' rage—or Ajax' folly—  
That sings my muse—such things are melancholy,  
And *ev'ry one*, in these *light-hearted* times,  
Requires to *laugh*—and not to cry at rhymes.



No—mine's a theme far softer—most divine !  
 A subject, fairer—mighty Pope—than thine !

Ah, urchin Love !—'tis you alone I sing ;  
*You*—who first gave my Muse her sportive wing ;  
 Your pow'rful hand first pointed to the skies,  
 Told the bright way—then bad my Clio rise ;—  
 Your bow upheld ;—but, ah ! too cruel part,  
 You taught my Muse—then stole away my heart !

—— But now at once, my bold attempt to tel  
 And sum the *whole*——I celebrate—a *Belle* ;  
 “ *Halt there !*” methinks you cry—“ The the  
     wont suit,  
 What !—name a *Belle*, without a *Beau* !—  
     *brute* ”

Well then—if thus it is, it shall be so—

I'll celebrate, at once, A *Belle and Beau*.

Help me, ye Nine!—'tis now I want your aid ;

Inspire my pen—my heart—my soul—pervade ;

Our's is no common nymph—no earthly shrine ;

She claims a lyre far, far, exceeding mine !

I sing *Clarinda*—bright, celestial word !

By woman envied, and by man ador'd.

To *plead for virtue*, sure, the maid was giv'n,

An *earthly* prototype of bliss in Heaven !—

Her birth was wond'rous ; for, her eyes beam'd

bright,

And seem'd two stars, rent from the veil of

night.—

A bird, for cherries, her red lips mistook—

Their dew once sip't all other sweets forsook :

Ah, vent'rous bird!—thus near to Heaven to  
stray—

Eyeing those lips, he longing pin'd away.

You must have heard of fairies, and those elves,  
Who, in a trice, thro' worlds convey themselves;  
Those—*some things*—*nothings*—who with greatest  
ease,

Can shrink from *giants*, to the size of peas.—  
To guard Clarinda, fate had plac'd a host  
Of these same sprites—oh enviable post!  
To watch the ringlets which her forehead grac'd,  
A mighty Sylph, call'd Papillotte, was plac'd;  
Upon her neck—oh! matchless iv'ry plain,  
The fairy, great Eburnea, held her reign—  
Her hand, Spadillo rul'd—Gavotte her arm,  
*And Velvettine* her ears preserv'd from harm;

nd, lest these charms should make their owner  
vain,

udentia, mighty queen ! dwelt in her brain.

sential Sylph ! most requisite to those—

ho think of nought, but cards—themselves—  
and beaux.

ow comes the heart—a most important post,

o watch o'er which, some would have ask'd a  
host ;

it nature there, in pity to mankind,

ad plac'd a Sylph as treacherous as kind.

ir, gentle, Mellia !—softest queen above !

he treach'rous elf had form'd a league with love ;

nd had agreed, whene'er it was requir'd,

o yield her post, and leave the fortress fir'd.

Nature had giv'n Clarinda, at her birth,  
 A gift not made of common, mortal earth.  
 She gave, a polish'd mein—a lovely face—  
 An angel's harmony—a seraph's grace—  
 But yet she gave,—far, far, exceeding this,—  
 Etherial, balmy, dew !—*A maiden Kiss !*  
 'Twas form'd of roseate blushes of the morn,  
 Of halcyon breath of ring-doves newly born,  
 Of fragrant juice of lilies and of roses,  
 Of sweetest gum distill'd from vi'let posies.  
 Of lover's raptures, when by chance they meet,  
 And ev'ry joy, and ev'ry pleasure sweet.  
 In her right cheek, 'twas plac'd, and 'twas  
     defended,  
 By two bright Sylphs, who in each eye attended.

Regina, one—a great, and royal fairy—  
Agilia, next—a Sylph, both light and airy—  
This precious gem, a double guard requir'd,  
Lest it should e'er by foreign arms be fir'd.  
For 'twas at first, by sov'reign fate ordain'd,  
That, once possession of this fort obtain'd,  
The Victor should, the other Sylphs subdue,  
And reign, Clarinda, o'er your charms, and you.  
Such was the fair!—such were her various charms,  
And such the many chiefs of fairy arms.

Now, sing, my Muse, the praise of sweet  
Philander,  
And thro' his bright and various merits wander;—  
By nature form'd this shepherd was to please;  
His mind romantic shone thro' native ease;

Mild his address—with soft, engaging air,  
 His gen'rous heart paid tribute to the fair:  
 Nor was this casket rich, but to the view—  
 For he possess'd, that attribute of few,  
 A polish'd mind—and e'en his skilful hand  
 Could guide the Sister Muses, at command,  
 And oft' would he, with well-directed lyre,  
 Teach the soft notes, in am'rous lays t'expire  
 He sees Clarinda—conquer'd by those eyes,  
 He pines in verse, in flow'ry couplets dies  
 “ *Clarinda*,” now, gives flavour to his wine,  
 And all his vows, “ then be *Clarinda* mine.”  
 Bold as he was ! Philander e'en pretended,  
 To steal that Kiss, by such bright Sylphs defended;  
 But all in vain—the foolish, rash desire !  
 The Belle gave frowns for sighs, and ice for fire.

Oh ! tell me, then, ye Nine, how came it so ?

How could a Belle, reject so fine a Beau ?

Ah ! 'twas Prudentia, with her rigid train

Of proud conceits, which flutter'd in the brain.

She said, " Philander's merit was his lace—"

And styl'd his modish bow—a pure grimace.

But boast not, proud one, Mellia was thy foe,

And who subdu'd, these lines, forthwith, shall  
show.

**END OF CANTO THE FIRST.**

ed;

fire





10

I have been thinking of you lately and  
wondering how you are getting on.  
The little girl I told you about  
is now a beautiful young woman.  
She is very intelligent and  
very kind. She is now a  
teacher in a school. She is  
very happy and is doing  
very well. I am very proud  
of her. I hope you are  
all well. I love you all.  
Your father

## THE RAPE OF THE KISS.

---

### CANTO THE SECOND.

---

THE Ploughman, rising from his frugal bed,  
To works of health his hearty vigour sped ;—  
Proud chanticleer, with long-extended throat,  
Taught the grey hills to echo with his note ;—  
Old Ocean's couch the blithe Aurora fled,  
While mildest saffron vapours veil'd her head :—  
In fact, 'twas six,—Philander then, opprest  
With toils of pleasure, lay'd him down to rest ;

And soon that blessing, so much wish'd for  
 sleep

Began, full gently, thro' his frame to creep.  
 Yet, long he sleeps not, ere his fancy teems  
 With airy forms in visionary dreams ;—

A little urchin, arm'd, and void of sight,  
 Breaks thro' the silence of Philander's night ;  
 His curling hair—his chubby, smiling, face—  
 His infant limbs, compos'd with perfect grace,—  
 His piercing eye—his soft, deluding smiles,  
 Replete with grace—yet full of hidden wiles ;—  
 But, most of all, his bow and arrows prove,  
 This heav'nly form to be—the traitor Love.  
 The little God, with thrilling voice as sweet  
*As tone of silver harp*, begins to greet,

" Hail ! sweet Philander ! friend, whom more

I prize,

Than all the darts I steal from Chloe's eyes ;

Lament no more—accept thy sov'reign's aid,

And be reveng'd on that fair, haughty maid

Who fires your heart, yet dares your suit despise,

And leaves poor you to useless vows and sighs—

Know, at her birth, a host of Sylphs were

plac'd,

To guard the charms with which her form is grac'd ;

They all are Cupid's friends ;—but one alone,

Who, in the train, has plac'd her rigid throne,—

Prudentia call'd—a frigid, prudish, matron,

Who needs must chuse Apollo for her patron ;

And, if she could, would keep her fortress free,

From all the joys of Hymen, and from me.

Her pow'r depends upon a magic kiss,  
 Oh, scene of joy!—Oh, field of endless bliss  
 By Nature giv'n—and 'tis by fate ordain'd,  
 That Love must triumph when this fort is gair  
 Two rigid Sylphs, Prudentia's handmaids, gua  
 This first perfection of their lovely ward ;  
 In either eye they live—with watch severe,  
 They keep my darts from entering their spher  
 Deaf to my bribes—insensible, in show,  
 They even dare treat Cupid as their foe ;  
 Except these three, the rest of softer mould,  
 To me their power, and their posts have sold  
 The heart is mine ;—there Mellia held her swa  
 Her gentle soul to Sympathy gave way ;—  
 She, willing, yielded to my lov'd commands,  
 Rush'd in my chains, and bless'd the rosy ban

Bless thee, sweet Sylph ! may beauty still be  
thine,

When prudes decay, and rigid Belles decline,—  
Not she alone, but all the airy train,  
Will yield their posts, if once the Kiss we gain.  
Now mark, Philander, where my words incline ;  
Act well thy part, and all Clarinda's thine.

The Sylphs, who hold their station in her eyes,  
And in whose charge the magic present lies,  
Are wond'rous prudes ; and, like all prudes, these  
elves,

Laugh at all else, because they love themselves.

This is their foible ; with their own dear features

We'll soon subdue these harsh, affected creatures.

To-night, the fair Clarinda drinks her tea

At Chloe's house,—your neighbour—vis-à-vis ;—

You will be there—Ah ! seize the friendly hours,  
 Follow my maxims, and Clarinda's ours ;  
 Take you this mirror, magic glass of love,  
 In which my mother views herself above,  
 And, while the thoughtless, gay, unthinking  
     fair  
 Spreads all her charms to attract the coxcomb's  
     stare,  
 Present the glass ; the Sylphs will leave their  
     places,  
 Desert their posts, to view their own 'sweet  
     faces ;—  
 Then is your time, with bold desire of bliss,  
 With anxious lips, ah ! seize th' etherial kiss—  
 Then falls Prudentia's sway—Clarinda, too,  
 And all her charms, will then belong to you.

"O! happy you! would I could leave the skies!  
 I wish no heav'n, but in Clarinda's eyes.  
 Now then, adieu!—thy harvest be the fair."  
 Thus spoke the God, and vanish'd into air.  
 At then, the rising sun its radiance shed,  
 And pierc'd the curtain of Philander's bed;—  
 The vivid ray play'd round his dormant sight,  
 And soon dispell'd the visions of the night.  
 Philander 'woke—yet still his longing eyes  
 Look'd for the little urchin of the skies.  
 'Twas but a dream, yet would he scarce believe,  
 That sleep, so strongly, could his sense deceive.  
 Yet he thought upon the eventful night,  
 A sudden object met his wond'ring sight—  
 Was—a mirror, on his table laying,  
 In which the sun's fair golden ray was playing.



“Doubtless,” you’ll say, “it was some guardian

Sylph,

Some pitying goddess, or e’en Love himself,

Who plac’d it there.”—Philander thought :

you ;

To seize the gift th’ admiring lover flew ;

And swore to Love to bear away the prize,

And steal the Kiss, spite of Clarinda’s eyes.

Thus far the swain—we’ll leave him to his bliss,

Praying for ev’ning to assault the Kiss.

Now sing, my Muse, what fatal dream oppres

The fair one’s brain, and broke into her rest.

When first she slept, she dreamt of what  
before

Had fill’d her thoughts—of lace—of matadore,

Of china—pictures—porcelain and beaux,  
 And such like toys which woman's life  
 compose ;

But when the dawning of th' approaching day,  
 Drove the foul vapours of the night away ;  
 And when true visions, as the bards pretend,  
 From iv'ry gate of shades below ascend,  
 A sylphic form, array'd in azure blue,  
 From depth of night, broke sudden on her  
 view.

In her mild face a melancholy reign'd,  
 Which, as it were, all earthly joy disdain'd ;  
 In all her looks a gentle pity team'd,  
 And heav'nly mildness in her features beam'd ;—  
 Approaching soft, the fair Clarinda's bed,  
 The fairy thus with gentle accent said ;

“ Know me, my charge, I am thy guardian  
 sprite,

Who rule thy thoughts, and guide them to the  
 right;

I, all the movements of your brain controul,  
 Watch o’er your mind—pervade your inmost soul.  
 Beware, Clarinda; know, that urchin Love  
 Has ’gainst your peace, a treach’rous union wove,  
 And all the passes of your heart are lost,  
 For she who rules it has betray’d her post.  
 But yield not, fair one, let your sense prevail,  
 Let not their league, their base deceit avail;  
 Let all your actions be inspir’d by me—  
 Against your heart, pitch reason, and—be free.  
 Beware this night, or else false Cupid’s crew,  
 And gay Philander, gain your charms and you.”

Thus spoke the Sylph, and vanish'd from her  
sight,

Dissolv'd in air, and sunk again in night.

Clarinda 'woke—and first, her morning duty

To point the dart, and add new charms to  
beauty.

Now sing, my Muse, the toilette's various pow'r,

What sweet perfume!—What scent of orange  
flow'r!

And here all India dazzles with her stores,

And here Arabia all her fragrance pours;—

All beauties too, thy aid, O, Patch! invite,

Thro' thee, the lip's more red,—the neck's  
more white;

Thy help contending Belles can ne'er forget,

From swan-like Chloris to the gay Brunette.

O, sov'reign pow'r ! O, mighty aid of art !  
 Which e'en can point to blunted charms impart.  
 Clarinda, now, ah, cruel malice ! arms  
 With foreign force, her too victorious charms.—  
 Ye Gods ! what graces habit in that face,  
 And wound secure, conceal'd beneath the lace;  
 What heart can think those cruel snares t' escape,  
 Which shroud that bosom in the form of crape !

The toilette finished, next, the lovely maid  
 The *pro and contra* in her bosom weigh'd.  
 “ To go to tea, or not ?—To stay at home,—  
 Or brave the terrors threaten'd by the gnome ?”  
 Prudence said “ No ;”—her trait'ress heart said

“ Yes.”—

“ Which conquer'd then ?” Ah, reader ! canst  
 thou guess ?

Did ever woman to her prudence yield ?  
Was even so ; Prudentia lost the field—  
And fair Clarinda, spite of all she said,  
*Went out to tea, and would not be afraid.*

END OF CANTO THE SECOND.



## THE RAPE OF THE KISS.

---

### CANTO THE THIRD.

---

THE circling hours, in usual routine past,  
Suppose the wish'd-for time arriv'd at last;  
Fancy the din of ton—the crash of chairs,  
The happy, envy'd, crowd upon the stairs;—  
Some going in—some carried, fainting, out,  
And all that constitutes a modern rout.  
Now sing, my Muse, in lofty, sounding metre,  
Flirtilla's scarf—the coat of gay Sir Peter—



Rosinda's eyes, and Amarilla's lace—  
 Superba's pearl, and Coquetilla's grace—  
 Sing Chloe's triumph o'er my Lady Freeze—  
 Oh, envied rout ! Oh, all surpassing squeeze !  
 'Twas sure a favour, from the Gods above,  
 For not one creature could pretend to move !  
 But, chiefly sing the fair Clarinda's face—  
 Her conq'ring smiles—her all-subduing grace ;  
 She seem'd a Luna, upon earth to stay,  
 “ Ye minor stars, at my approach, away !”

As, when the mariner, in tempests tost,  
 Thinks that all succour—all relief is lost,—  
 His course unknown—the night, tempestuous,  
 dark,  
*In vain he seeks some star his course to mark ;*

When sudden, from a cloud, the pole star

starts,

And to his breast, a gleam of hope imparts.

The happy omen seiz'd, the port he gains,

And, in his bliss, forgets his former pains.

Just so, Philander, 'midst th' encircling train,

Looks round the room, and seeks for charms,

in vain;

He searches—pries—examines ev'ry phiz,

but, cruel Fate ! finds nothing but a quiz ;

Till fair Clarinda's eyes proclaim his grace,

And guide his wishes to that heav'n—her face.

Ah ! rash marauder ! Thy crusade was bold,

Thy aim far greater than was tried of old.

To champions then, reward, when dead, was  
giv'n,

But you, too vent'rous ! sought on earth, a heav'n.

The guardian Sylphs around Clarinda flit,  
Some hid in curls—some in her saucer sit,  
Shake their bright pinions o'er the exotic sea,  
And add a greater fragrance to bohea.  
Some guide the cards ; great Cass their pow'r  
obeys,  
And, with his brother, near Clarinda lies.  
Amidst the pack, a gen'ral plunder's made ;  
This brings an ace—that groans beneath a spade.  
“ Sure, Fate,” they cry, “ is wond'rous partial  
grown !”  
And Fortune's chid, for actions, not her own.

Prudentia only, sullen, keeps her place,  
 Conscious of evil, and her near disgrace;  
 Careless alike of all that now can pass  
 She sees her ruin in th' accursed glass.

Philander quick, prepares to act his part;  
 With love he cheers, and fortifies his heart.  
 O'er all her face his wanton glances stray,  
 He views her charms, in raptures dies away;  
 Lives in her smiles, finds heaven in her eyes,  
 With hope he maddens, and in fears he dies.

As when a Hawk, the liquid æther fending,  
 Perceives, from high, a hen her young attending,  
 Rejoic'd, he hovers o'er the wished-for brood,  
 And, in his thoughts, already holds his food;

An dnow the swain—Ah! stop, my vent'rous  
 Muse,

What lines! what words! what phrases can'st  
 thou chuse!

What pow'r of verse, unheard of, dost thou need,  
 To tell aloud, the bold, presumptuous deed!

The daring hero now—O, heav'nly bliss!  
 With lips, promethean, sips th' ethereal Kiss!  
 Ye Gods! what joys immense, without control!  
 Now seize upon, and penetrate his soul!  
 He culls the virgin treasure! joy too great!  
 Too good for mortal!—Ah, too happy state!  
 What proud archangel! what celestial Sylph!  
 What sainted hero! or e'en Jove himself!

Would not consent, from Heav'n above to wander,  
 And change conditions with the blest Philander ?  
 The deed complete—the hardy action past—  
 He views Clarinda, and then stands aghast ;—  
 For now, Prudentia, as her last resource  
 Had leagu'd with shame, and seiz'd the brain by  
     force ;

The conscious blood a safer refuge seeks,  
 And leaves the heart, to mantle on the cheeks ;  
 Mellia resists, defends her Sylphic fane,  
 And, with her bands, drives back Prudentia's train ;  
 And, in that form, but just before so gay,  
 There now is nought, but terror and dismay.  
 God knows ! what evils from this cause had  
     sprung,

Or what sad end my doleful Muse had sung,

If Love, despairing, had not sped his way  
 To where, on couch of roses, Hymen lay.  
 Employ'd in forming links of roseate chains;  
 Oh ! Blest reliever of the lover's pains !  
 My wanton Muse must stop her am'rous lay,  
 And, at your fane, her willing tribute, pay:  
 In passing on, adore your Heav'nly shrine,  
 And tell thee true, that all her poet's thine !  
 Hymen, Love's help, had oft been forc'd to crawl  
 And, therefore, willingly, assistance gave;  
 With rapid wing, cut thro' th' encircling air,  
 And, quickly stood, behind Clarinda's chair;  
 Before the angry fair, he holds a glass,  
 Of Magic chrystal, on whose surface pass,  
 A coach and six—a spacious house in town—  
 And then, besides, an Op'ra box was shown;

And next appears, nought could resist, I vow,  
A title glitt'ring on Hyperion's brow!  
Prudentia falls, and Mellia gains the day;  
Love, and the trait'ress exercise their sway,  
And soon Clarinda, and her various charms,  
Are giv'n entire to blest Philander's arms.

END OF CANTO THE THIRD.





**Part the Second.**  
**CONTAINING**  
**TRANSLATIONS**  
**FROM**  
**Petrarch,**  
**AND**  
**OTHER AUTHORS.**



## TRANSLATIONS

FROM

**Petrarch's Sonnets.**

---

**First.***Petrarch's Reflections.*

THE nearer I approach that last dread day,  
 Which drives all human grief, with life away—  
 Still fast, and faster, time appears to fly,  
 The more my hopes seem vain, my wishes die.—  
 'Tis thus I *tell myself*—thus speaks my soul—  
 No more shall *Love*, with cruel sway controul;  
 I feel like melting snow,—my pow'rs decrease,  
 And hail the dawn of everlasting peace.—  
 For soon will death, deceitful hope destroy—  
 And finish grief, and put an end to joy.—  
 Then 'twill be plain—"How men thro' mazes stray,  
 " And sigh, because they've chose so rough a way."

---

## Second.

*The Poet describes his despair.*

Thro' lonely fields, my steps are bent,—

Thoughtful—on earth, my eyes intent,

From human footsteps turning.—

'Tis thus all haunts of men I dread—

Too plain, alas! *without* 'tis read,

How all *within* is burning.

Sometimes I think—yon stream—yon grove—

Full clearly see how much I love,

And as a wretch then greet me.

Yet still, there is no rugged way—

Where'er I muse—where'er I stray,

But Love straight comes to meet me.

---

## Third.

*Petrarch's meeting with Laura.*

Those locks of gold, were by the zephyrs parted,  
 And forming ringlets, tried themselves t'en-  
 twine ;

Those eyes—those *stars*, sharp piercing arrows  
 darted,

But they, alas ! no longer deign to shine.—  
 Her looks were mild—her face with pity beaming,  
 Perhaps I *thought*, what was so much desir'd,  
 Before, Love's flame was in my bosom gleaming,  
 What wonder then, if all my soul was fir'd.  
 A Sylph divine ! her voice Seraphic sounding,  
 Too good for earth, she then appear'd to me ;  
 Now, tho' the bow no more has pow'r of wounding,  
 Still, *is my mind not heal'd*—my soul not free.

---

**Fourth.**

*Petrarch's lamentations for the death of Cino.*

Weep, all ye fair!—and weep thou, also, *Love* ;—

Weep all ye lovers, spread throughout the earth,  
Since he is dead, and fled to Realms above,

Who knew so well, to celebrate your worth.

'Tis thus *I* pray—'tis thus I ask relief,—

Ah ! to mine eyes full streams of tears impart  
Oh ! give me sighs, to melt away my grief,  
And ease the burthen of my bursting heart.

Lament, my Muse ! be mournful, ev'ry line !—

For Cino's death, send forth a doleful plaint ;—  
Pistoja,\* weep ! Ah, what a loss is thine !—

Rejoice then, Heav'n—for thou hast gain'd a  
saint !

\* Cino's Birth place.

---

**Fifth.***Laura's charms.*

en whence could Nature the bright copy take,  
 Of that sweet excellence she gave to show,  
 To poor weak mortals here, on earth below,  
 hat heav'nly hands, in Realms above, can make.

om bathing nymphs from Diana in arms  
 Do locks of gold—so fine—so lovely flow?  
 Where is the heart in which such virtues glow?  
 and yet my death, is owing to these charms!

e seeks in vain, to meet with perfect grace,  
 Who never felt those eyes sweet force awhile;  
 Who never saw that dear angelic smile,  
 nows not how *Love* can, wounds he gave—  
 efface.

---



**Sixth.**

*The Poet on a journey apostrophizes the river  
which in its course passes by Avignon,  
residence of Laura.*

Flow swift, thou stream of hoary Alpine !

Whose chrystal waves, with rapid curren

Where Nature guides thy solitary course—

There I, impell'd by Love's great power

Roll on—stop not thy sempiternal tide ;

Nor pain, nor hunger, can thy course

But, where fertility, and health preside,

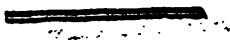
Stop—ere you pay your tribute to the n

There lives my sun—my heav'n-directing

Ah ! kiss her feet—her Poet's thoughts i

Perhaps she grieves, that I remain so far—

Tell her—this earthly prison keeps my !



## Seventh.

*Laura's perfection.*

at mine could then the gold bestow,  
 Which furnish'd Love those tresses?—  
 at bush the rose, what shore the snow;  
 Which yon fair form confesses?

whence came the Pearls which words divine  
 Can form—so soft—so charming?—  
 and whence those charms which form a shrine  
 Of beauty—so alarming?

What angels gave those syren lays?  
 What sphere that voice so pleasing?  
 What sun has lent those eyes its rays  
 Which burn my heart when freezing

---

**Eighth.***Laura reproached.*

Oh, cruel soul ! Oh, savage heart !

Join'd to a form enchanting—

If long you act so harsh a part

My heart will burst with panting.

The flow'ret springs—the flow'ret dies—

And time is ever flying ;

But still cold sorrow fills my eyes—

They never cease from crying.

Yet I, thro' Hope can still exist ;

E'en stone yields to the weather ;—

No nymph so harsh, could long resist,

Both sighs and tears together.



**Quint.***A Simile.*

ne'er seen the stars of night  
 before the sun's great light,  
 hide their twinkling fire ?  
 when others come before  
 from my soul must e'er adore,  
 their charms to shade retire.

as that love says, in my ear,—  
 as she the earth shall cheer,  
 long shall life be pleasing.  
 when this miracle shall die,  
 true from this earth shall fly,  
 love's warm darts grow freezing.

as well might take away  
 from night—the sun from day,  
 cease the herbs to cherish :  
 the seas—take speech from men—  
 all will be greater, when  
 the miracle shall perish."

**Tenth.***After Laura's death.*

Where is that face !—Ah whither is it  
Which my fond heart with slightest m  
Where are those eyes—those stars—wh  
ray

Beam'd on my soul, and cheer'd my lo  
Where is the sense, the wisdom, and  
Which gave that sweet address—that  
birth ?

Where are the charms seraphic join'd i  
Through whom I liv'd—through who  
alone ?

Where are the beauties of that gentle  
Source of my thoughts, and harbingers  
Ah ! whither is she fled, mine heart's  
Weep then mine eyes ! Oh, world, v  
thou lost !

---

## Eleventh.

*After Laura's death.*

greedy earth ! how much I envy thee  
 who now containeth, in thy cold embrace,  
 the form of her, I never more can see ;  
 and the mild beauties of that heav'nly face !

thou too, Heav'n, how much I envy thee,  
 whose bright enclosures now her spirit guard  
 the fair prison of her body free—  
 and yet for others still thy gates are barr'd !

happy souls ! how envied is your lot !  
 to enjoy the converse I so much desir'd !  
 who too, to come for *me* has now forgot,  
 and stays with *her*, not yet enough admir'd.

## Twelfth.

*Petrarch's Lamentations.*

Ye vales, who often with my plaints resound ;  
 Ye streams, who with my briny tears abound ;  
 Ye birds—ye beasts,—and you too, finny race,  
 Whose scaly tribes yon verdant banks embrace ;  
 Thou air, who tepid with my sighs art grown ;  
 Thou once-lov'd path, from whom all pleasure's  
     flown ;

Ye scenes whom now I hate, but once thought  
     sweet ;

And where, thro' custom, love still guides my feet ;  
 I mark ye well—your forms I still can know :  
 Not so myself—my name is lost in woe.—  
 Here stept my love—her footsteps still I kiss,  
 And trace the paths she left for heavenly bliss.

---

## Thirteenth.

*An Apostrophe.*

O *Love* who often when my fate was sweet,  
 Would by this spring's fair blooming borders meet;  
 I roaming with me thro' this blest abode,  
 Of the debt you then so long had ow'd.—  
 Flow'rs—ye shrubs—ye shades—ye woods  
 Ye rills—  
 Lowly vales—ye proud ascending hills—  
 Feather'd songsters of yon woody knell,  
 Ye too, Nymphs, who in yon fountain dwell;  
 Blest relievers of my grief and love,  
 Days once happy, sad as *Death* are wove.  
 Why does *that tyrant* leave me thus alone?  
 To be born, and be a wretch is one!

---



### Fourteenth.

#### Spring.

The zephyrs come—the earth pours forth its stores;  
 The gales, their offspring, *fruits and flowers*,  
 bring ;

Then Progne sings, and Philomel deplores,  
 And ev'ry scene grows joyful with the spring.

The meadows smile—the sky is clear above ;  
 For e'en the heav'ns, at sight of spring, rejoice ;  
 The earth—the air—the sea is full of love—  
 And love directs each creature in its choice.

For me, alas ! sad, doleful sighs return,  
 Drawn from my breast, by her who keeps my  
 heart ;

The birds may sing—with love all creatures burn,  
 These joys to me, can nought but grief impart.

---

## Fifteenth.

*Laura's entrance into Heaven.*

The sainted souls and angels blest,  
 Thro' heav'n's bright regions soaring,  
 When first she came, 'midst them to rest,  
 Surrounded her adoring.—

What is't?" they cry—"what sight so rare—  
 Each heav'nly virtue blending?—  
 We seldom see a form so fair,  
 To live with us ascending."

We wonder'd at her bliss so great,  
 Then turn'd—for me enquiring—  
 And now t' enjoy her happy state,  
 My thoughts are all aspiring.

---

**Madrigal from Petrarch.**

---

CUPID! behold how yonder cruel fair,  
Laughs at your laws—contemns a flame so pure.  
Your pow'r is vain—my sighs are lost in air,  
And yet amidst two foes she lives secure.

*Her* only safeguard lies in charms confest,  
*Your* darts are piercing, and *your* arm is free;  
*I am her slave*—If pity fills your breast,  
Then let your shafts revenge both *you* and *me*.

## Canzonet from Petrarch.

## I.

gentle source---sweet rippling, limpid spring,  
 ho once embrac'd within thy crystal store,  
 form of her I must for ever sing,  
 hose seraph virtues I must e'er adore.  
 thou too, tree, whose branches spreading wide,  
 remembrance sighs, while I the tale relate,  
 hat same day upheld her lovely side  
 and flourish'd round her;—happy, happy, state!  
 icky flow'rs who left yon shady grove,  
 o deck a breast so fair,—  
 and thou too, sacred air  
 re my poor heart first felt those eyes and  
 love,  
 listen, listen, while the tale I tell,  
 hear your poet's last, last, sad farewell.

## II.

But still if thus it is decreed by fate,

    If thus my destiny is fixt above,

That weeping I should leave this passing state,

    And quickly end in death my hapless love.—

Ah, let some kind,—some sympathizing heart,

    Place my remains amidst these shades to rest ;—

Then will my soul from this base prison start,

    And soar above to regions of the blest.

My harass'd form would less at death recoil,

    Amidst a gloom so kind,—

My soul could never find

A safer port to leave this earthly spoil ;

Nor could my weary body ever meet

A shade more mild—a more secure retreat.

## III.

Perhaps the time may not be far away,  
 When the proud fair, for whom I hapless burn,  
 My thro' these once-lov'd mazes turn to stray,  
 To cheer this lonely labyrinth, return.—  
 And—where I first with her fair form was blest  
 On that, to me, so memorable day—  
 My pity turn her gentle eyes in quest  
 Of the sad minstrel of this doleful lay.—  
 And find that I, *neglected*, would not live  
 And learn what made me die.—  
 Ah ! let the angel sigh !  
 And heav'n that instant shall my sins forgive.—  
 And but a pearl descend from those bright eyes,  
 And mercy then shall reach me in the skies.

## IV.

'Twas in the summer, on one happy hour—

(The thinking of it still to me is sweet)

A shrub sent down, in soft descending show'r,

Its fragrant blossoms her fair neck to greet.

And yet she kept her gentle, modest air,

Amidst the glory of so sweet a vest ;

While the fond flowers sought a bed so fair,

And, am'rous, fell upon her lovely breast.

These grac'd her robe—these her fair locks en-  
shrin'd.

Fill'd full each auburn fold,

And deck'd, like pearls, the gold.—

These fell to earth—these sported in the wind,

And, in their sportive movements, seem'd to say,

“ Blow, am'rous gales! Here Cupid holds his way.”

## V.

How often then I cried, in fond surprise,

“What realms above could give this angel birth?

Sure she was meant to live in paradise,

And not to grace our poor, ignoble earth.”

So far has fancy led my brain astray,

So far these eyes my doating heart deceiv'd ;

So far my soul has felt that angel's sway,

So far my senses have those charms believ'd,

That I've exclaim'd—amaz'd at such a sight,

“What scene of heav'nly bliss?

What paradise is this?—

For sure there's not on earth a scene so bright.”—

These scenes, so pleasing are, since that blest day,

That thro' *these parts alone I love to stray.*

If thou, my sonnet, had'st the worth,

Great as the wish to please,

Then might thou safely brave the earth,

*And quit such shades as these.*





---

**Miscellaneous Translations.**

---



THE

“ *Liberta a Dice* ”

OF THE

ABBATE METASTASIO.

At length I breathe—at length I'm free—

A blessing on thy *flirting* !

At length the Gods have pitied me,

And favour'd my deserting.

I've broke at length the magick spell,

Fair liberty is beaming ;

Nor do I *fancy* what I tell,

Nor am I fondly dreaming.

No more I feel my ancient wound,—  
I'm grown so dull,—so stupid,—  
That even anger can't be found,  
To shield that traitor, Cupid.

No more my colour changes place,—  
While Chloe's name repeating ;  
And when I see your once-lov'd face,  
No more my heart is beating.

I dream—but then 'tis not thy lot,  
In dreams to come before me ;  
I wake—but then in truth 'tis not,  
Proud Chloe, to adore thee.

Now can wander far away,—  
 No pang my heart assailing ;—  
 And when at home with you I stay,  
 Nor grief—nor joy's prevailing.

In thy various beauties tell,  
 Without the subject loving ;—  
 And count the wrongs I know so well,  
 Without my anger moving.

More, proud Nymph, when you appear,  
 Am I with rapture trembling ;  
 And e'en can tell my *rival's* ear,  
 Of you and your dissembling.—

Whether you frown with brow severe,

Or gracious *show that dimple*,—

I am too proud those looks to fear,

To prize those smiles *too simple*.

Those lips no more my heart controul,

No more have pow'r of reigning ;

Thine eyes are vain—my *now free* soul,

Their former rule disdaining.

If I should now perchance be sad,

'Tis not your frowns that grieve me ;

And if again my heart is glad,

'Tis not thro' you, believe me.

---

When you're away—the hill the grove,

Is equally delightful ;—

Nor will thy presence make me love,

What otherwise is frightful.

Now—hear then if I am *sincere*,—

Thy features still seem charming,—

But you no more to me appear,

A goddess so alarming.

And now I own, in your sweet face,

(Blame not what is a duty ;)

I can perceive a *fault*—in place,

Of what I deem'd a beauty.



When first I pluck'd thee from my breast

—I own it now in sighing ;—

Cold—heartfelt woe my soul opprest,

—I felt as I were dying.

But—“ to depose so harsh a queen,

And liberty recover,”—

(Tho' woes immense may intervene,)

Will recompence a lover.

A captive bird, like me in chains,

Whom some vile snare encloses—

Ere his lost freedom he regains,

Perhaps some feather loses.

A few short days his loss repair,  
 And teach th' incautious rover,  
 In future, when he finds a snare,  
 The treach'ry to discover.

I know, that you believe full well,  
 That all my words are cheating—  
 And why?—because the deed I tell—  
 The tale am e'er repeating.

“To tell the dangers it may meet”—  
 In ev'ry heart is planted;  
 'Tis thus I, Chloe, to repeat  
 The hardy action, panted.

Each warrior, when the battle's won,

The danger past reciting ;—

Describes the perils which he run,—

The wounds he got in fighting.

Thus too the slave, of bondage free,—

Who sees his friends around him ;

Tells all the woes of slavery,

And shows the chains that bound him.

'Tis thus I speak—and thus declare,

Th' extent of your deceiving ;—

'Tis thus I speak—but little care,

Base girl, for your believing.

tell my wrongs thus readily,  
 Nor care for your disdain ;  
 or ask if—when you speak of me,  
 Unmov'd you're still remaining.

Tear a wanton from my heart,—  
 A faithful flame *you* smother ;—  
 know not who will feel the smart,—  
 Will seek again the other.

At this *I know*—that you'll ne'er find,  
 So fond—so true a lover ;—  
 nymph, like thee, untrue—unkind—  
 I surely may discover.

---

FROM

*THE ITALIAN OF**Metastasio.*

Oh, bosom-rending action !

Adieu, my love, adieu !—

My soul is all distraction

In parting, love, from you.

My grief will be unruly—

No more felicity !—

But, tell me, Clara, truly,—

Wilt thou remember me ?

ly *thoughts*, at least, in finding  
 The peace you've stol'n away ;  
 thro' all your footsteps winding,  
 Will ever near you stay.

My soul will ever hover,—  
 Will ever near you be ;—  
 Tell me, lovely rover,—  
 Wilt thou remember me ?

Obstacles surmounting,  
 To some rude clime I'll stray ;  
 And ask each rugged mountain—  
 ' Why does my Clara stray ?'

I'll always love sincerely,  
And ask each morn for thee;  
But—wilt thou love me dearly?—  
Wilt thou remember me?

The solitude imploring,  
Thro' those fond scenes I'll rove;  
Where once I liv'd adoring,  
And liv'd with thee, my love.

A thousand thoughts returning,  
I'll grieve at what I see,—  
But while I thus am burning,—  
Wilt thou remember me?

“ Close by yon mossy fountain,  
She redden'd with disdain ;  
But love her rage surmounting,  
She gave her hand again.”

“ ’Twas there we sat together,—  
Then, who so blest as we ?”  
— But now I know not whether,  
Thou wilt remember me !

How many will be flying,  
When Clara once departs,—  
To tell her they are dying—  
To offer her their hearts !



'Midst lovers thus complaining—

'Midst such idolatry—

Wilt thou, alas ! while reigning,—

Wilt thou remember me ?

Ah, think !—the dart that's firing,

My heart was ne'er remov'd,

Think that, without aspiring,

The poor Amyntas lov'd.

Ah ! think how hard—how grieving

Is that adieu from thee !

But say, without deceiving—

Wilt thou remember me ?

---

From the Italian.

---

FROM Venus, the proud urchin Love,  
Has stray'd away, 'tis said;  
Has quitted the bright realms above,  
And from his mother fled.

'Tis further told that Venus kind,  
Has publicly declar'd---  
That whosoe'er her son shall find,  
She'll kiss—and thus reward.

And would you then the secret know?  
Ah, set thy heart at rest;—  
On *me*, fair queen, the Kiss bestow—  
He lurks within this breast.

---

FROM  
*THE GREEK OF*  
Anacreon.

---

Loud blew the wind—dark was the night ;  
The moon withheld her cheerful light,  
Nor e'en a star was shining.—  
Each mortal too, with grief oppress'd,  
Had lost his woes awhile in rest,  
While on his couch reclining.—  
When love—the little traitor love,—  
Decending from the realms above ;  
Came knocking at my door.

“ Who is’t ?”—I cried—“ who thus destroys  
 My rest, with such unwelcome noise,  
 At such unusual hour ?”

“ ’Tis a poor child—in pity hear,”  
 The traitor cried—“ you need not fear ;  
 So, give me shelter pray.  
 I’m wet—and tir’d—and weary quite,—  
 And wand’ring thro’ this dreary night,  
 I fear I’ve lost my way.”

At such an artless tale of woe,  
 I felt my heart with pity glow,  
 For one so soft complaining ;

And rising quick, a boy I spied,  
With bow, and quiver at his side ;  
Sharp, piercing darts containing.

I drew the suff'rer to my breast,  
His little hands 'twixt mine were prest,  
And shar'd the heat together.—  
I dried his curling locks so wet,  
And made him smiling soon forget,  
The rudeness of the weather.

“ And now, mine host,” the urchin cried,  
“ My *bow* must presently be tried,  
Perhaps it needs a drying.”

With that he took his aim—and laugh'd,  
 Then to the bowstring fix'd a shaft,  
 Which to my heart came flying.

Then, springing lightly from the ground,  
 He spread his wings—and smil'd around ;

And, from his victim turning,—  
 My bow," cried he, " needs no repair,  
 At *you*, mine loving host, beware,  
 For know—*your heart is burning.*"

## From the Same.

---

I tune my harp to sing the praise,  
 Of mighty chiefs, in lofty lays,  
 And heroes born of Jove.  
 But still my lute's accustom'd strings,  
 Whate'er it is their *master* sings,  
 Will answer only—Love.

I chang'd the strings ;—then chang'd the li  
 But still my wanton strings were mute,—  
 They check'd my vain desire.  
*Then be it so*—ye chiefs, adieu !  
 Ah—urchin Love ! 'Tis only you,  
*That* guides my treach'rous lyre.

---

FROM  
*THE LATIN OF*  
*Secundus.*

---

While thy bosom's prest to mine,  
While my lips steal joy from thine,  
While thy love-containing heart,  
In each rapture takes a part—  
Then enraptur'd—lost in bliss—  
I'm *above* a world like this.

Torn away by rigid fate,  
I, who felt so blest—so great—  
I, who thought myself in heav'n,  
When to me my love was giv'n :—  
Fall from height of bliss to woe,  
Sunk from heav'n to shades below.

---

END OF PART THE SECOND.





**Part the Third,**

**CONTAINING**

**Fugitive Poems.**



A SIMILE  
To Celestina.

---

On some cold, sad, winter's morn,  
On ev'ry object seems forlorn,  
And nought but snow appearing,  
Traveller, with cold opprest,  
Presses closer round his shaggy vest,  
And sighs for times more cheering.

That frigid scene his soul pervades—  
That fond delusion, in him fades—  
As his inward heart is freezing.

“ Oh, come again,” he cries, “ sweet spri  
 Then love shall glow—then birds shall sin  
 And ev’ry view be pleasing.”

Just then, the *Sun*, a sudden glance  
 Emitting—thro’ the wide expanse,  
 Gives heat and life together.

All *nature* now is glad around—  
 The trav’ler joins the grateful sound—  
 And hails the new born weather.

’Twas thus my pensive life was spent,  
 On solitude my thoughts intent,  
 The world seem’d to forget me ;  
 Whene’er I mus’d—where’er I stray’d—  
 No smile my anxious search repay’d—  
 No cheerful aspect met me.

---

The outward scene caus'd inward woe,  
 My soul was chill'd—my heart was snow—  
 Cold care her hand extended.

While *thus* I lay—so sad—so faint—  
 Kind heav'n, in pity, gave—a *saint*—  
 In *thee* all virtues blended.

'Twas then, *thine eyes*—those *stars* so bright—  
 To cheer my lonesome, gloomy night—  
 By Providence were giv'n.

But, why thus boast so vain a bliss?  
 My *wounded heart*—too well knows *this*,  
 “ I'm *tortured* thus near *heaven*.”

---

## The Amo.

---

*WHAT do I love ?—A constant heart,  
Which, in each sorrow, takes a part ;—  
Which props the head, by grief opprest,—  
And seeks true bliss in friendship's breast.*

*What do I love ?—The modest glow,  
By nature form'd, and taught to flow ;  
Which mingles with th'expressive tear,  
And speaks a feeling bosom near.*

*What do I love ?—That gentle smile,  
Which in those dimples plays awhile ;  
And seems to say—" Who dares be free ?  
*Happy are they enslaved by me."**

---

## Lines.

ADDRESSED TO THE HON. MRS. M———

## On her Marriage.

Your Poet calls—deign then, ye Nine t' inspire,

Direct his pen—infuse poetic fire.

He *needs* your help—as yet he only creeps,

And tempts, with trembling flight, Parnassian  
steeps.

His fancy's wings are weak—nor can she fly,

With soaring course and reach the nether sky ;

But—*barren grounds* by tillage often mend ;

Tho' *young* he hopes—tho' *low*, he may ascend.



Venus, thro' fair Paphos strolling,  
 Once, her Cousin Hymen met ;—  
*He*—the marriage rites extolling,  
 Thus *she* cried in furious fret :

“ Talk not to me of such vain forms,  
 Must our *joy* be mixt with pain ?  
 When once true love a bosom warms,  
 Should we *bind* it with a *chain* ?

“ *Nature* sure, in all her creatures,  
 Has implanted *liberty*—  
 See, express'd in all her features,  
*You may love and yet be free.*”

Hymen, nettl'd at th' assertion,  
Chid the goddess of the dove,  
'Till despairing her conversion,  
He referr'd the cause to Love.

The little god of sighs and vows,  
Seats himself in formal state ;  
And, when the pending cause he knows,  
Straight assumes the magistrate.

They plead their cause—then Love exclaims,  
(Chang'd—his smiles—for Astrean nod,)  
“ Ye both so well defend your claims,  
Justice must suspend her rod.”

" Then *Beauty* shall decide the cause,  
     Hymen—bring your fairest *bride*,  
 A damsel subject to your laws,  
     Venus—place too by your side.

" But—that ye may have time to seek,  
     Those who may your maxims prove,  
*I break the court till this day week.*"—  
 Thus they were dismiss'd by Love.

The day arriv'd—Love mounts his throne ;—  
     Soon—the candidates appear ;—  
*First*—(sure the cause must be *her own* ;)  
 Venus to the judge draws near :

“ Who dares in competition meet

Lovely Florimel ?”—she cries ;

“ For half the town lies at her feet,

Captive to those conq’ring eyes !”—

Then—lovely—mild—comes Hymen’s bride,

Soft—as Luna—queen of night—

All rival charms thro’ envy fade,—

Flying from the sick’ning sight.

*Love*—struck with wonder—quickly cries,

“ It must be, by all agreed,

That Hymen fairly gains the prize—

*Who can vie with lovely M——— ?”*

ADDRESSED TO A LADY WHO REQUIRED OF  
 THE AUTHOR—"A DEFINITION OF  
 FLIRTING."



You ask'd—"what Flirting was?" my muse  
 haste  
 Spread forth her wings—cut through the dream  
 waste  
 Which severs us from Heav'n—the book to  
 down  
 In whose great mass, the *spring of all*, is show  
 Unclos'd the bandlets which the store surrou  
 Nor ceas'd her labour, till thy wish was found  
 Her willing hands turn'd o'er the sacred bo  
 Then *from* its lines the wish'd-for record took.

Cupid—fair Cypria's sweet—tho' fickle son,  
 and long *ru' d* o'er the subject world alone ;  
 his laws were held by all—his shrine ador'd,  
 his *dictates* follow'd—and his wounds implor'd.  
 No rugged heart—no soul so rudely made,  
 that felt his ardour and its tribute paid.  
 While thus the urchin rul'd, with sceptre mild,  
 his mother, Venus, had a second child ;  
 his Zephyr's son—who, like his playful sire,  
 as frail as wind—yet had his mother's fire :  
 constant—trifling—am'rous—changing soon,  
 he'd leave at ev'ning, what he lik'd at noon ;—  
 and, like the bee, which roams from flow'r to  
     flow'r—  
 hang'd like the gales, and lov'd but for an hour.

This urchin, too, because poor Love was blind,  
Found means t' impose upon frail womankind ;  
Stole in their hearts, with lurking, sly pretence,  
But—once confirm'd—no force could move him  
thence.

And *now*, forsooth, *Miss* finds it quite diverting,  
To laugh at Love—and spend her time “ *In  
Flirting.*”

---

## To a Lady, with a Staté.

---

INSCRIBE upon this *sable space*—

Some tale of woe—some swain's disgrace,

Then—drop a feeling tear.

That liquid pearl, of melting grace,

Will quick the tale of woe efface,

The whole will disappear.

But—if you wish to see again

The tender tale of pleasing pain,

Enshrine it with a sigh.

The genial breath—the sylphic dew,

Will straight the hidden lines renew,—

The humid tear will fly.



And would'st thou, fair one, deign to know,  
The thoughts which in my bosom glow?

I envy much *this* *state*.

To live in sighs—and die in tears—

Spring fresh thro' hope—expire thro' fears—

Oh! *what a happy* fate!

---

## To Four Sisters.

---

HER graces once their Mistress dressing,  
 Chose, while doing so, to play ;  
 And—each in some degree transgressing,  
 Were dismiss'd—and turn'd away.

TWO nymphs, adorning her fair features—  
 One put *red*—another—*white*,  
 And thus—these foolish, trifling creatures,  
 Made poor Venus quite a *fright*.

THE *third*—who often us'd to blunder,  
 As all Cytherea knows ;  
 First—broke the magic zone asunder,  
 And then—trod on Cupid's toes.

Escaping from the furious matron,  
Who pursu'd with hasty strides,  
They all chose Hymen for their patron,  
And, *thro' spite*, became *three brides*.

Venus, when her rage was over,  
Tried to find her former train ;  
But when she heard they'd each a lover,  
Gave it up—as all in vain.

At length the queen of love perceiving  
Charms neglected lost their sway ;  
To find three damsels, Paphos leaving,  
To Britannia took her way.

Iris—before the queen descending,  
 Tells aloud the vacant place;  
 Assembling quick, each belle pretending  
 To fulfil the post of *grace*.

Each mother now, with bosom trembling,  
 Thinks no daughter like her own;  
 In all the various crowd assembling,  
 Round the Acidalian throne.

Fair Venus then the whole surveying,  
 Seeks in vain some one t'elect;  
 For she, alas! their merits weighing,  
 Finds, they all have *some defect*.

Iris, the crowd now quickly cleaving,  
 Four conducts, of equal grace,  
 Just as the queen her throne was leaving,  
 Vex'd to see so vile a race.

Their *charms* are great—their wit enchanting,  
*Nought could sure be ask'd for more,*  
 Yet—fortune's e'er our schemes supplanting,  
*Three, she wants—and they are four.—*

She tries their *wit*—then tries their *faces*,  
*None could fault in either see—*

“ T\*\*m\*\*s” (she cries) “ ye all are graces,  
 I no more will have but *three*.”

## CONCLUSION.

Remember—ye, *with pretty faces*,  
That ye pray not as before;  
Call not upon the *three* dear graces,  
For the *graces now are four*.

---

## Venus and Bacchus.

---

'Twas in that happy time of old,  
When nought was seen but scenes of bliss;  
And often call'd the "*age of gold*,"  
To point it out from *such as this*.

Then, Venus from the ocean rose,  
Ascending to the realms above,  
And with her sprung that flame which glows  
In ev'ry breast—and kindles *love*.

Her face was lovely, perfect, fair,  
And yet it seem'd to want a *grace*;  
And why? The *rose* did not appear,  
The *lily* only had a place.

---

Bacchus, one day, had fill'd his bowl,  
And roaming thro' the house of Jove ;  
*Unseen*, into her chamber stole,  
Where she was sleeping, watch'd by love.

He saw her charms with wond'ring gaze,  
And while he view'd her form divine,  
Quite lost in wonder and amaze,  
Let fall his ruddy bowl of wine.

The luscious stream, the iv'ry join'd,  
And glow'd upon the lovely space ;  
And now, the red and white combin'd,  
Appear in ev'ry beauteous face.

---



Heard her cry out

*fate,*

And running to the door

Unhappily she found

*late,*

Where she was sleeping,

He saw her slumbering

And

And

And

The innocent

And

And now, the

Agony



## The Lily.

---

How fair are the leaves which yon Lily presents,  
With dew-drops all bright and enshrin'd ;  
Each fond wanton gale with its fragrance it scents,  
And shares all its store with the wind.

But tho' thus in vigor and pride it now grows,  
So graceful and soft to the eye—  
Yet—should a rude touch but *one* petal unclose,  
The flower would wither and die.

*As* fair as the *Lily* was Rosalind's mind,  
As faultless—as yielding—as sweet—  
Her heart was so gentle—the fabric so kind,  
That virtue *there* chose her retreat.

---

There came a rough blast of stern pitiless *fate*,  
And snap't *one* affection in twain—  
Then fell the fair *Fane* that was tow'ring so late,  
And parted—*nor e'er met again*.

---

Cupid and Rosa.

---

Little Cupid once was playing  
Near yon grove—so sad—so still ;  
When he found my Rosa laying,  
By yon gentle wand'ring rill.

O'er a tale her eyes were bending,  
'Twas a *tale* of lover's pain ;  
And her soul each line attending,—  
Felt each *anguish* o'er again.

Well she might, too, feel compassion,  
For a hapless lover's woe ;  
Well she knows *my* hapless passion ;  
And the flames which in me glow.

ympathizing dew-drops blending,

Starting ever and anon ;

rom her pretty eyes descending,

Roll'd her lovely cheek along.

t that instant Love appearing,

Gaz'd and smil'd—and gaz'd again ;

en—his pointed arrow rearing,

'Touch'd the *soft descending train*.

raight—*this* tear, the iv'ry joining,

*Chang'd—a lily* pearl was grown,

his, with blushing red combining,

*Now*, a sparkling ruby shone.

Quick the gems, the traitor seizing,  
Fast with rosy ringlets join'd ;  
And the links so soft, so pleasing,  
Now the urchin's quiver bind.

---

## Ce Coelestina.

---

ash Phæton—as the poets sing,  
 'he son of Phœbus—heav'nly king)

Despis'd his rank on earth.  
 esolv'd to reign in heav'n alone,  
 scended to his father's throne,  
 And claim'd his royal birth.

he god then felt a father's joy,  
 wn'd him to be his darling boy,

And drew him to his breast :—

“ A single boon, my father, grant”—  
 The urchin cries—“ ’tis all I want,  
 To set my heart at rest.”

“ And what is that ?” the god replies,  
 (While nature’s pearls adorn his eyes)

“ Confess it to your sire.  
 You’ll find me act a father’s part ;  
 I swear, by Styx, to ease your heart,  
 And grant your soul’s desire.”

“ Ah ! to me, then, thy car confide !”  
 The son exclaims—“ and let me guide  
 Thy steeds thro’ aerial space ;  
 Then shall those *curs* on earth perceive,  
 That I am *thine*—and inward grieve,  
 To own my godlike race.”



" Ah ! rash, rash boy," cried Sol, " refrain—  
Ask not to hold th' immortal rein,—

You'd set the world on fire."

Still would he ask !—the father won,—

The foolish, rash, incautious son,

Obtain'd his bold desire.

And, mark ye now, th' effect so sad,

The youth was kill'd—the steeds went mad,

Nought could the flames arrest.

Jove caus'd the Styx on earth to flow,

Or else the world itself below,

Had perish'd with the rest.

*That hour, has still a higher fame,—*

*From melted star or-lambent flame,*

*You sprang upon that day.*

Of *this*, at least, your Poet's sure—  
 A Sylph so sweet—a Nymph so pure,  
 Could ne'er be form'd from *clay*.

Now let me too, *my sorrows* tell,  
 The *greater* heighth from which *I* fell,  
 And all my cruel fate.

I—captur'd by those charms so sweet,  
 Must needs their haughty sway intreat,  
 And—found my *fault* too late.

But—mark ye well the end so dire,  
 Of living thus in liquid fire,  
 And trusting to those eyes.

My *heart*—one *half* already lost—  
 The other *half* consum'd almost—  
 Now at their mercy lies.

'oor *I*—my doom is worse by far,

han he who drove Apollo's car,

And ran so bold a race.

or now no *Styx* for me remains,

o ease my heart—or cool my veins

And my sad love efface.

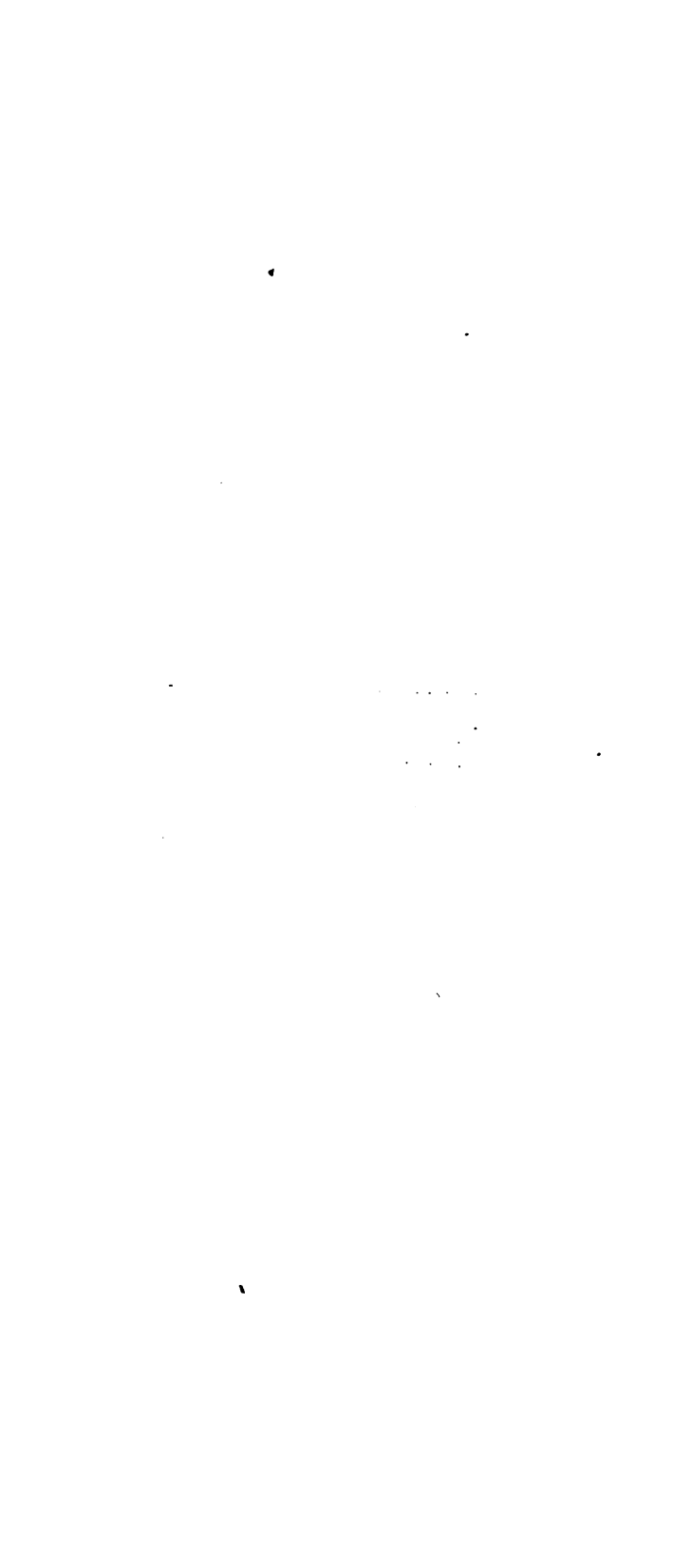
---



---

**Winifred.**

---



THE STORY, FROM WHENCE THE FOLLOW-  
 ING POEM IS TAKEN, IS RELATED IN  
 THE GOLDEN LEGEND; PRINTED BY  
 WYNKIN DE WADE, IN 1512.

---

*ST. Winifred, a beautiful and devout virgin, having fled from a young man called Cradock,\* who would have dishonoured her; he pursued and overtook her near the church, where, on her refusal to yield to his desires, he with his sword cut off her head.*

*On the spot where it fell there suddenly sprung up a fair well, yet famous for its wondrous virtues, in*

\* The son of a king named Alane.

*healing divers diseases. At the bottom of the well are to be seen stones spotted with blood, which stains cannot, by any means, be effaced; and round its sides grows a moss of marvellous sweet odour.*

*St. Bueno, a Holy Man, coming from the Church to the spot where the body lay, and finding the murderer, who had not power to move from thence, he first replaced the head, and then, by his prayers, raised Winifred to life, and struck Cradock dead, whose body turning black, was instantly conveyed away by fiends.*

---

On hilly Cambria's rugged shore,  
 Not far from base of Penmaenmour,  
 Where Nature, once on earth again,  
 And Nature's envied Sister reign—



(—That sister, now so seldom seen,  
 Array'd in vest of sylvan green,  
 With heart at ease, and aspect mild,  
 Old Pan's admir'd and only child ;  
 That goddess coy—on shades intent—  
 By all so sought—y'clept—*Content.*—)  
 Immers'd in wild and rustic spot,  
 Once stood alone, a homely cot ;  
 Within its walls there dwelt a pair,  
 In peace—more blest than many are ;  
 Untaught—unbid abroad to roam,  
 They there had fix'd their little home,  
 Nor sigh'd for wealth they ne'er had known.

Two sons, the parents' dearest boast,  
 Supplied the strength the sire had lost ;

'Till'd the small field, and past the day  
 In honest toils of husbandry.—  
 Still more had they—another child—  
 A daughter—innocent, and mild—  
 She laid the meal—arrang'd the store,  
 And did whate'er was wanted more.  
 One winter's evening, when the sun  
 His half-contracted course had run,  
 Nor deign'd the friendly stars t' appear,  
 And all was, darkness—still and drear—  
 The family, midst rustic mirth,  
 Had gather'd round the cottage hearth.  
 A knock was heard—the latch uprear'd,  
 And an old minstrel form appear'd:  
 Benignity o'ergrown with woe,  
 Gave his wan cheek a transient glow;

---

White, scanty locks, in parcels fell,  
 Round his poor head ; and seem'd to tell,  
 The bitter lot—the vagrant part  
 That fate had parcell'd to his heart.  
 Meek was his eye— nor deign'd t'upbraid,  
 The cruel game his fortune play'd ;  
 Nor seem'd it's masters wrongs to know,  
 But beam'd alone for other's woe.—  
 Coarse were his robes, their sober dye,  
 Seem'd the sad garb of misery.  
 Low hung his scrip, on one side down,  
 Nor look'd too large a store to own ;—  
 His harp, dear part'ner of the day,  
 Hung 'cross his back in minstrel way ;  
 —So poor the man—so mean—and yet  
 A hearty welcome there he met.

No need that rank or pomp attend,  
 A stranger is the peasant's friend.—  
 The bard to seat of honor led,  
 The fare was brought—the table spread—  
 And soon the good old man forgot,  
 'Midst present ease, his hapless lost ;  
 His eyes, grown bright, with pleasure beam'd,  
 His face, with satisfaction, gleam'd.—  
 He smil'd on all—he thank'd his host—  
 Of former skill began to boast ;—  
 He took his harp from whence it hung,—  
 Struck a wild chord—and thus he sung :—

## I.

Fair Winifred's fame had been spread all around,  
 For piety, beauty, and worth ;  
 No tongue was e'er weary her praises to sound ;  
 All hearts, which her goodness by sympathy bound,  
 Had deem'd her an angel on earth.

## II.

Her form it was fair—but still fairer her mind,  
 Like crystal unsullied and pure ;—  
 And sure too it was of the chrystalline kind  
 For never yet stain on its surface could find  
 Retreat, for a moment secure.

## III.

He saw her !—the son of the mighty Alane,  
 He saw her—and wish'd her his own ;—  
 He woo'd her—but Winifred woo'd her in vain ;  
 She heard his black love with the look of disdain,  
 And turn'd from his vows with a frown.

## IV

For Cradock was wicked, and cunning beside,  
His vices were hidden by art ;  
He vow'd that he lov'd her—he told her he died—  
But yet would he never have made her his bride—  
His tongue ne'er beat true with his heart.

## V.

At length, when fair Winifred's hatred he new,  
And found her firm virtue unbent ;  
His fury too great for hypocrisy grew,—  
Enrag'd, from her presence, reviling he flew,  
And swore the proud maid should repent.

## VI.

His passion, for reason, came ebbing too fast,  
His soul was too proud for restraint ;—  
All meekness at once from his countenance cast,  
He look'd the bold villain unshrouded at last,  
And car'd nor for God, nor for saint.

## VII.

A lone place there was, with tall oak trees enclos'd,  
 With wild shrubs and flow'rs o'ergrown ;  
 A break at a distance the church-yard disclos'd;—  
 There, Winifred often in summer repos'd,  
 And musing would wander alone.

## VIII.

One even—all nature was parch'd with the heat—  
 The sun had been raging all day,—  
 She sought the relief of her solitude sweet,  
 And courted the shade of her lonely retreat,—  
 Amidst its lov'd mazes to stray.

## IX.

The season was still, and the scene all around,  
 Unconscious of any rude blast;—  
 The silence was broken by never a sound,  
 Save that of the leaf, as it fell to the ground,  
 And startled the maid as she past.

## X.

Her mind it was sad, and homeward she sped,—  
 The church-yard lay full in her way ;  
 She stopp'd and reclin'd o'er the tombs of the dead—  
 Her eyes paid their tribute, as melting they read  
 The virtues now moulder'd to clay.

## XI.

While thus she their biers with soft sympathy seal'd,  
 And felt all the pleasures of pain,  
 A figure jump'd forth, by a tomb-stone conceal'd,  
 Then stood to her terrify'd senses reveal'd,—  
 Fierce Cradock the son of Alane.

## XII.

She, tremblingly, saw the fell monster advance,  
 Then, shrieking, sunk down in despair—  
 But long she remain'd not thus buried in trance ;  
 Her eyes, as they open'd, encounter'd his glance—  
 His arms clasp'd her figure so fair.



## XIII.

“And yield ye, then, proud one,”—exulting he  
cried,

“Or lie where thou art ’midst the dead”—

The accents of Cradock fresh vigor supply’d,

Grown strong by despair, she soon burst from his  
side,

And fast by the sepulchre fled.

## XIV.

And thrice through the church-yard in terror she  
past,

And compass’d the Fane all around—

And thrice ran fierce Cradock behind her as fast,

’Till faint with fatigue, and quite breathless at  
last,

Exhausted, she sunk to the ground.

## XV.

Then Cradock exulting, approach'd as she lay,  
And, raising her, gaz'd on her charms—  
When sudden a footstep, approaching that way  
Oblig'd, for a moment, the assassin to stay—  
He listened—she fell from his arms.

## XVI.

“ And since, then,” cried Cradock, “ the fates  
have decreed,  
That Winifred shall not be mine,  
This day, by my vengeance, shall Winifred bleed,  
Tho' legions of angels should now, at her need,  
To stop my dread purpose combine !”

---

## XVII.

This said, his bright falchion, that instant, he drew,  
And seizing her loose-flowing hair,  
With one cruel stroke, he poor Winifred slew,  
Cut off her fair head, from the stem whence it  
grew,  
Then tauntingly bad it "lie there."

## XVIII.

Swift would he have fled, but all power was gone,  
His feet to the earth were made fast—  
His blood ceas'd its movements—his heart felt like  
stone—  
The murderer's figure, immoveable grown,  
Now wildly stood staring aghast.

## XIX.

'The stranger came near—'twas St. Bueno the  
good,

Who chanc'd to be passing that way;  
In amazement, awhile, the holy man stood,  
In tears, then, approaching the fell scene of blood,  
Betook him in silence to pray.

## XX.

First brought he the head to the trunk whence it  
fell,

Then, many an orison said,—  
His prayers were heard, and most wond'rous totell,  
At his touch, the blood ceas'd, the wound it  
grew well,  
And Winifred rose from the dead.

## XXI.

Then, turning to Cradock, the good old man  
said,

(And call'd down the vengeance of Heav'n)  
“ Now murderer, punishment fall on thy head,  
Spill thou as much blood as this virgin hath shed  
And feel the fell blow thou hast giv'n !”

## XXII.

The features of Cradock straight death-like were  
grown,

His flesh with corruption grew grey,  
His head left his shoulders, and grinning fell  
down,—

Apollyon came, for the wretch was his own,  
And bore him in sulphur away.

## XXIII.

Where Winifred's blood had sunk into the  
ground,

A crystalline rivulet rose—

A moss of sweet odour encircled it round—

The drops of her blood still at bottom are found,

And, where she was murder'd disclose

## XXIV.

All wounds, when immers'd in its waters so clear,

Imbued with its virtues, grow well—

And should any stranger be wandering near,

He, down to this day, from the peasant, may hear

The story of Winifred's well.

---

The minstrel ceas'd—the rustic praise  
 Of all around him, crown'd his lays;—  
 Nor was this all—the peasant's heart  
 In all his sorrows took a part.  
 No more went he abroad to roam—  
 The happy cottage was his home,—  
 And freed from care, or want, or strife,  
 Long led the bard a peaceful life.

FINIS.















